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AN
E P I S T L E
TO

JOHN WADE, *Esq;*



(Price One Shilling.)



JOHN WADE
Esq.



(Price One Shilling.)

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AN
EPISTLE
TO

JOHN WADE, Esq;

BY

^K
T. BRECKNOCK, Esq;
who was ~~accused~~ along with Mr. Fitzgerald.

— Non Ego Te meis
Chartis inornatum filebo. HOR. l. 4. Ode 8.



LONDON:

Printed for R. DAVIS, the Corner of Sackville-Street,
Piccadilly.

AM
EPISTLE
TO
JOHN WADE, Esq.

BY
T. BRACKWICK, Esq.

— Non Est moris
Chastitatem habet. Hor. l. 4. Od. 8.



LONDON:

Printed for R. DAVIS, the Corner of Buckle Street,
Piccadilly.



Where blooms the Lilly, and where breathes the Rose,
 But from some barren, cold, unpoison'd Land
E P I S T L E.



I From a Language, that unfolds the Heart,
 And polish'd Manners, that betray no Art,
 Ought may be judg'd: I think, my gentle *Wade*,
 Where Friendship's strong Professions once are made,
 Thou wou'dst not act, for all that Pow'r cou'd grant,
 * An under Part, and play the Sycophant.

The

Nature

* *Si bene te novi, metues liberrime Lolli,
 Scurrantis speciem præbere, professus Amicum.* HOR.

Nature in thee has happily combin'd
 A graceful Person with a noble Mind.
 And when the Wealth bestow'd, her fav'rite Boy
 She taught the rare-known Science to enjoy.

10

'Tis not, my Friend, from fertile Beds, like those
 Where blooms the Lilly, and where breathes the Rose,
 But from some barren, cold, improv'ish'd Land
 Base Flatt'ry springs; yet if an artless Hand
 Transplant in richer Soil the baneful Weed,
 The Starveling soon forgets his former Need,
 Beneath the Rose he mines a secret Way,
 Saps the sweet Juice, and batters on the Prey.

15

I knew a Priest, at good Tyrconnel's Board,
 A very Chaplain, fit for any Lord,

20

The

The Peer, who much has seen, much read, much known,
 Speaks not perhaps like *Pir*, or *Littleton*.
 For but to few the kindred Gods bestow
 The Fire of *Pericles*, or *Tully's* Flow
 Yet have I heard this *amirabile* Thing
 From *Scep* to *Bith*, from *Cyprus* to the King,
 Teaze his kind Patron, from the Board to rise,
 And speak the Speech in Favour of the Excise.
 While at each Tope, 'twou'd cry the Judge divine,
 That's *magnifique*, *Milord*, *perch* that's fine.
 Yet if a rev'rend Neighbour, whole Discourse
 Wants nor Expression, Dignity, nor Force,
 Attempt to speak, with a disdainful Sneer,
 The *Gnatbo* views him, or not deigns to hear.
 But whence such Rudeness? know, my learned Friend,
 Was seated at the Table's lower End.

Not

The Peer, who much has seen, much read, much known,
 Not so with thee: Thy Table will declare
 No first, no last, for all are equal there;
 Like *Arthur's* Knights the *Circle* we compose,
 And the * *round Table* no Distinction knows.
 Whose well-told Tale, whose well-tim'd Wit gives Birth
 To sprightly Raillery and social Mirth,
 'Tis he, to whom the most Respect is shewn,
 Yet name me who's that individual one?
 For there no double Reck'nings we permit,
 But each one pays his equal Club of Wit.

Yet, if you ask me which I wou'd prefer,
 The downright Country Squire, or Flatterer.

* See a learned Discourse by *Franconini*, "*sopra la Tavola rotunda*."

I shou'd reject, without the least Demur,
 The savage Beast; and chuse the fawning Cur:
 Perhaps thy Table, *Wade*, ne'er knew to dine
 One of those mungrel Cubs, half Bear, half Swine.
 Then view the Picture, that my Muse pourtrays,
 'Tis drawn from real Life, if that be Praise.

Near, where old *Doncaster's* ambitious Spire
 Wou'd kiss the Heavens, there liv'd our precious Squire.
 His Farms, the Taxes paid and all Things clear,
 Brought him in just four thousand Pounds a Year.
 His Wife (the Butcher's Niece) long since was dead;
 Yet two good Daughters blest the nuptial Bed.
 While this the Heifer milk'd with dextrous Ease,
 That churn'd the Butter, or compress'd the Cheese.

Benighted, and bewilder'd, and benur'd,
 Wet thro' with Snow, half frozen, and quite tur'd,
 I hollow loud, a Boy that heard me call,
 Purs'd the ** bent Coin*, and brought me to the Hall.
 The Squire, when he'd awhile perus'd my Face,
 My Horses, and had learn'd my piteous Case,
 Bids me come in; I wou'd not more be press'd,
 For I perceiv'd short Compliments were best.
 Quick I revive, the Dead cou'd scarcely fail,
 Refresh'd with such good Beef, and such strong Ale.
 Well, Sir, and what good News? to satisfy
 My curious Host, I make him this Reply.
 " His Majesty prevents our warmest Pray'rs,
 " Looks well, and tends, as usual, State Affairs.

" The Prince, endow'd with supernatural Parts —
 " Has learn'd already all the liberal Arts,
 " And shou'd we judge our Harvest by the Spring,
 " England will have at last an *English King*.
 Methought, I there had tickled right my Trout;
 But soft sensations fail'd to move the Lout.
 Pinaw! damn your Courts, says he: What, has't no News
 Of *Slack* and *Broughton*? — Sir I've learn'd to bruise,
 And thof I say't — nay there's the Parson there —
 What sleep, old Smoaker? damn ye, how you stare.
 Come, t'other Pipe — igod thee content go,
 And who dares say *Lincoln's* high Sheriff, no —
 But, Sir, as I was saying — let me see —
 Four Year — no next *September* 'tis but three:
 My *Damsel* run: I rode my *Slouch* that Day:
 Hold says the casuist Priest, you rode bright Bay.

(12)

Dod—Parson's right, if ecens so I did;
But *howsoever* up a Jockey rid,
With two stout Fellows: *Mind me*, here's the Joak, 95
They damns' me (knowing not to whom they spok'^d)
Words beget Words, but I strips strait in Buff,
And licks 'em all, till they cries out enough,
The charming Tale gives Pleasure to them all,
The Barber laughs, the Butcher rends the Hall: 100
A tripple Whif the mystic Doctor draws,
And puffs, in Clouds of Smoak, his thick Applause.
Each in his different Taste extols his Friend:
At length comes my sad Duty to commend.
The Deed, the Courage, both my Wonder raise, 105
And *Tott'nam's* Sons monopolize my Praise.
Windsor, with me's the Genius of the Age;
Your *Byrons*, *Chedworths*, these ne'er miss a Stage;

In

In short the *Whips*, the Wits, the Men of Sense,
 All, all approve the Science of Defence.
 What have I said?—alafs, I little thought
 In my own Springe thus blindly to be caught.
 Sir, fays my Host, and shakes me by the Hand;
 As you of Courfe the Science understand;
 And as I'd fain improve my bruifing Skill,
 You'll favour me—come, come—I know you will,
 Only—nay damn my Blood, one fingle Bout—
 Excufes all are vain, they lug me out.
 And this Alternative remains my Lot,
 To ftand the Field, or Coward-like be shot.
 If mix'd with Robbers, you'll be forc'd to rob:
 If join'd with Brokers, you muft learn to job:
 You're fcorn'd by Pedants, if you can't difpute;
 With Beafts, you're murder'd, if you're not the Brute.

Thus

(14)
Thus forc'd, I e'en subscribe th' inhuman Law, 145
While the first Blood that's drawn, decides the Cause.
Hands shook in Friendship, soon my Breast and Head,
His massy Fist with shudd'ring Horror dread.
Each Limb the Tokens of his Vengeance bears,
And what's more painful still, no Blood appears.
Aurora blush'd to see her Brother's Son,
Howe'er o'ermatch'd, conceiv'd one Thought to run,
And happ'ly, to avoid the dire Disgrace,
My Hand directed to the Monster's Face,
Down drops the Ox, lies flat his broken Nose, 155
And o'er his Cheeks the purple Torrent flows.
In the Confusion, I my Steed ascend,
Nor stop till *Lincoln-Street* my Journey end.

With Beasts, you're murder'd, if you're not the Brute.
You're scorn'd by Pedants, if you can't dispute;

'Tis said *Dan Dryden* went one Day to see
Gibber's two Lunatics, and mad *Nat Lee*.
 Talk'd you of Glory and immortal Rhime,
Nat catch'd the Furies, and was all sublime.
 There, there he felt: Talk of indiff'rent Things,
 Perpetual Motion, Longitude, or Kings,
 So just his Reason, and so bright each Thought,
Newton himself cou'd ne'er have spy'd a Fault.
 From Cell to Cell the laurell'd Bard he trains,
 Describes each Error, and the Cause explains.
 At length by num'rous Steps and painful Toil,
 They reach the Top of this stupendous Pile.
 Intent they gaze upon the vari'd Scene,
 Admire the Thames, his Ships and bord'ring Green.

The rapt'ring Objects *Dryden's* Vein inspire,

And sympathetic *Lee* is all on Fire.

Wildly he stares, he clasps the Bard around, 155

Now, now we'll jump together on the Ground,

Thus, thus we'll dye: for Actions madly-brave,

Alone possess the Art to cheat the Grave.

Why yes, says *Dryden*, I've the Thirst of Fame,

To risque my Life t' immortalize my Name. 160

This is a mean, a paultry Feat my Friend:

Suppose (the Way we came) we shou'd descend:

Below; the Deed more noble will appear;

Then for a flying Leap, & jump up here.

The lucky Thought the Madman's Fancy hit, 165

And who says, *Dryden* liv'd not by his Wit.

But I, like *Dryden*, sprung no lucky Thought,

Or if I had, it had avail'd me nought.

For in his Ravings *Lee* more Sense cou'd boast,
Than in his sob'rest Fits, my savage Host. 170

Yet what can I have done? or what have said?
Thus to have drawn Heav'n's Vengeance on my Head,
Murder's foul Spot my guilty Hands ne'er soil'd;
I've wept the Sparrow tortur'd by a Child.
Oft free Access I've had to Sums untold, 175
Yet ne'er once thought to touch the tempting Gold.

What Virgin's injured? Or what Friend betray'd?
What Merchant, had I Cash, e'er went unpaid?
Faults without Number, yet I know no Crime,
Unless that mortal Sin of scribbling Rhime. 180
If that be criminal, it were profane
To tax Heav'n's Justice, or but dare complain:

The

C

For

For scarce twelve Springs had breath'd their balmy Breeze,
 Ere I had taught my Verse to flow with ease.
 Rumour's loud Trump abroad my Praises blew, 185
 And on the Wings of Fame my Verses flew.
 To hear my Voice, the Virgins round me throng,
 And many a Nymph I conquer with my Song.
 Sleep! sleep secure; ye Virgins ne'er impart
 The Secret, nought shall wrest it from my Heart. 190

While yet a Stripling, with no common Fire,
 I sung my Loves, and tun'd 'em to my Lyre.
 Retir'd from Town, with Youth's sweet Follies cloy'd,
 Say with what Raptures, I've my Mule enjoy'd.
 In vain my Father wag'd perpetual War, 195
 And daily urg'd me to the wrangling Bar.

The very Brief, that brought the wish'd-for Fee,
 Was foul itself, or had no Charms for me.
 The WARBURTON wou'd gently then dissuade,
 And shew me Rhiming was a dang'rous Trade. 200
 What flatt'ring Prospects wou'd his Friendship draw,
 To stimulate my Pride t' embrace the Law?
 Yet still in Friendship's and in Duty's Spite,
 I wrote and wrote, and must for ever write.
 The Muse, the Muse commands my ev'ry Pow'r, 205
 The Muse presided at my natal Hour,
 And thus foretold, " No Wealth acquir'd at Sea
 " Shall raise this Child to *Anson's* high Degree.
 " No Law-Decisions and Fatigues unknown
 " Shall seat him, *Hardwicke*, on thy arduous Throne. 210
 " Nor great Exploit in hard *Culladen's* Field,
 " (Where Laurels grew to deck brave *William's* Shield)

" Shall shew this Infant to the shouting Crowd,

" Their darling Hero, and their worship'd God.

" But *him* the vocal Choir and sacred Stream 215

" Shall raise to Honours equal in Esteem."

Already *London's* great Town applaud my Lay,

And rank their Bard with *Dryden*, *Swift*, and *Gay*.

The *Cerb'rus*, Envy, with her triple Tongue,

Has ceas'd to snarl, and almost likes my Song! 220

Come then, enchanting Musick of the Soul,

Haste me Victorious to the laurel'd Goal.

There, there I'll own, the mighty Thoughts that lift

My Soul to Heav'n, is all thy bounteous Gift.

But in the noble Flight, if chance my Vein 225

With bold Ideas crack the ferv'ish Brain :

Oh *Taylor*! for I know thy wondrous Skill

Invents a Remedy for ev'ry Ill,

If

If my fond Friends shou'd seek thy certain Aid,
 And thou attend me on my Straw-form'd Bed,
 Be (if thou can'st) to their Request unkind,
 Nor cure this pleasing Error of my Mind,
 For were it Madness, wide Awake to dream
 Of Flow'ry Meadows and the purling Stream;
 And Happiness alone consist in Thought,
 Why would'st thou give me the destructive Draught.
 If my weak Body was with Pain oppress'd,
 I'd take thy *Laudanum*, secure of Rest.
 But frantic Minds so far from feeling Woe,
 Taste real Joys, the Frantic only know.
 Shou'd the Sun burn, or Eastern Tempest roar,
 Thou feel'st the Heat, or Cold at ev'ry Pore.
 Look at the Mad *, chain'd down in open Air,
 No Fire to warm them, and their Limbs all bare;

No

* A l' Hopital des Fous, a Paris.

No Cold they feel, nor yet lament their Fate, 145
 When *Phæbus* scorches — happy! happy State!
 Losing one Sense, to lose all Sense of Ill,
 And losing Reason, to be happier still
 Be this my Lot, and if I e'er desire
 Reason again to light her feeble Fire, 250
 May the *wild Beast* *, I late escap'd, renew
 The Fight, my *Wade*, and in his Tam subdue;
 May I each Day from Autumn to the Spring,
 Hear *Gibson* act, or *Manfredini* sing.
 Or, in one Thought all Ills to comprehend, 255
 May'st thou look thy, and thus thy once-lov'd Friend.

* The Country Squire.

F I N I S.